C-221-5-1

Wm Bronsdon 1906

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLI. No. 6 MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 9, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Even a Timid Effort Does Not Lose Its Reward.

A meeting was in progress one evening, and a timid old Christian woman felt that she ought to speak a word to two gay looking young men seated not very far from her. At first she hesitated, but finally summoned up courage enough to make the effort. As she did so, with a tremulous voice, the young fellows laughed in her face, and she shrank away, very much embarrassed and mortified. She determined never again to bring such chagrin upon herself, and so far as we know was never again heard of as a worker in revival meetings. At least, those young men never met her afterwards. But that was not the last of her influence. Those young men went to their room that night thoughtless and frivolous, and after a while dropped off into sleep. But in the course of the night one of them woke, and could not sleep, and his thoughts began to play. By and by he thought of the old lady, and how embarrassed she looked as she went away from them mortified at their reception of her. Then it occurred to him that she had done none other than a true interest in their spiritual welfare, and his conscience smote him. He turned over and groaned, and this woke the other one. They began to talk of the old woman, and then thought of their good old mothers, and conviction took hold upon them. They got up, and knelt down in prayer. And they ceased not to pray until they were both happily converted. One of them became a leading minister, and is giving his life to the work of leading souls to Christ. The other one became a large manufacturer, and is at the head of all religious movements in his community. Both of them are blessing the world with their efforts. Yet the poor old woman passed into obscurity, and died without knowing the results of her work. But God keeps the books, and opposite her humble name there is a large amount to her credit. She will get her reward in due time. Therefore we ought not to be discouraged when we seem to accomplish nothing in our feeble way. God does not require us to succeed, but to be faithful in the use of our opportunities, and he will take care of the results.—Texas 'Advocate.'

The Collier.

Down, deep down in the earth I toil,
  Afar from the light of day;
Mid dust and gloom, where the workers loom
  Like ghosts in the lantern's ray.
No flowers, or songs of the birds for me,
  No beams of the golden sun;
With spade and pick, where the coal lies thick,
  I slave till my hours have run!
Yes! down, deep down in the earth I toil,
  Where none can my thraldom see;
And those I serve, with a granite nerve,
  Give nought of a thought to me!

Yet how would the world go on one day,
  Should the collier's courage fail?
A cry of despair would rend the air,
  And its myriads weep and wail!
So it is but right that, with those at ease,
  A thought in the heart should rise,
Of the men who fight in the gloom of night
  For the treasure that buried lies!
Yes! down, deep down in the earth I toil,
  Where none can my thraldom see;
And those I serve, with a granite nerve,
  Give nought of a thought to me!

O think of those that I dearly love,
  My babes, and my darling wife!
O think that a flare, or a rush of air,
  Means 'Out with the collier's life!'
Think, think of this, as you snugly sit
  Round the fire and its cheery glow;
Think, think I say, just once in a way,
  Of your brother who toils below!
Yes! down, deep down in the earth I toil,
  Where none can my thraldom see;
And those I serve, with a granite nerve,
  Give nought of a thought to me!

—Edward Oxenford.

The Other Man.

The 'Examiner' calls attention to 'The Other Man:'

'One of the most prominent business men, at the head of a large department store, on being asked, the other day, for the primary rule of business success, answered: "To think of the other man." He explained his answer somewhat thus: "I can afford to lose in a transaction, but I cannot afford to have my customer lose. I may be the victim of misrepresentation, but I must not allow him to suffer from false statements, or from any hidden defects in the goods he buys. He must learn to trust me implicitly in regard to my goods, and to see that I would much prefer to suffer myself than to have him suffer. I must make my customer my friend."

'Of course, the man who seeks to win your friendship simply that he may profit by your custom is not an honest man; our business expert would confirm this judgment. But the man that understands that confidence is the one basis on which the business world rests and on which society must be reared, with all its vast interests, knows that the only way to establish confidence is to "think of the other man." One need not be indifferent to his own interests; indeed, he must not be indifferent. These are the very things which are entrusted to him, and in which, as the Scripture injunction is, he must be "found faithful." But he must recognize the fact that manhood is greater than business, that character is superior to chattels, and that his business affairs are instrumental to these

higher ends. Paul says in writing to his beloved Philippians: "Look not each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others."

'As our business authority said, it pays "to think of the other man." And it pays in a great many ways. Such regard for others is a good business investment. It also prepares the way for valued friendships. It aids in building up our own characters and gives us the consciousness that we are doing just the right thing.'

Greater Simplicity.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes relates that, during his recent visit to Palestine, at one point, when he happened to be riding in the carriage, he had a striking experience. 'It was very hot, the sky was cloudless, the road was hard and white. Suddenly a Syrian, staff in hand, passed the carriage. Instantly I thought: "There, that poor man, with flowing robe and turbaned head and sandaled feet, is dressed just as my Lord was dressed two thousand years ago. When he came up, as he did come up, again and again, from Jericho to Jerusalem he had to trudge through the heat on foot, as that poor fellow is trudging. And here am I—professedly a disciple of his—riding up this hill in a carriage and pair. How dare I ride where my Lord walked?' He felt it so much that he stopped the driver, got out, and walked the rest of the way to Bethany. Commenting upon his action, Mr. Hughes says: 'That sudden impression was neither scriptural nor rational. There is nothing in Christianity that should lead any of us to decline the conveniences of life, provided always that we use for the good of men any energy we conserve. But there was this point of truth in the emotion which filled my heart. We do exceedingly need greater simplicity of life among all who name the name of Christ. We are too self-indulgent and luxurious in these days.'

Two Ribbons.

The 'Christian Evangelist' tells of a missionary meeting in which the following occurred:

After an address by a returned missionary to Japan, the President ascended the rostrum, holding in his hand a mysterious roll. As he unfolded a black ribbon it was borne down the centre aisle of the church and across the building by assistants. The ribbon was a thousand inches long, and was black, that its color might fitly represent the 'jaws of darkness' which devour the heathen world. Every inch of the black ribbon represented a million people. A thousand million votaries of superstition and of the rites of paganism! A thousand million people under the eclipse of heathen gloom!

After this dark revelation our president unfolded a delicate white ribbon, every inch of which stood for a million Christians in the world, and how long does the reader suppose that spotless ribbon was? Only three inches long! Three inches of white against a thousand inches of black. To the majority of the audience the two ribbons were a startling revelation.

The Finger of God.

During a season of revival a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this manner he prayed: 'O Lord, touch that man with Thy finger, touch with Thy finger, Lord!' The petition was repeated with great earnestness, when something said to him: 'Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this thy neighbor? Hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou, and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered.' It was a voice from the throne. God's servant arose from his knees self-condemned. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had uttered not a word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme question of life had been set aside for such topics as 'the weather,' 'the latest news,' 'politics' and 'trade.' His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.—The 'Evangelist.'

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, Jan. 27.

Monday, January 22.—Jas. P. Gray, Carbonneaur, Nfld.
Tuesday, January 23.—Janet Clarke, Woodbridge, Ont.
Wednesday, January 24.—T. D. Ramsay, Summerside, P.E.I.
Thursday, January 25.—Aggie Maitland, Lucasville, Ont.
Friday, January 26.—W. T. Burrows, Summerside, P.E.I.
Saturday, January 27.—Archie Fraser, Spencerville, Ont.

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week?

New Glasgow, N.S., Jan. 22.

Dear Sirs,—I take much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Bible, with which I am very much pleased. I have been a regular reader and club raiser of the 'Witness' since receiving it as a wedding present ten years ago, and join very heartily with those who wish it every success. Yours very truly,

W. H. BROADHURST.

Walkerton, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—The 'Witness' has been taken by some members of our family since 1832, and we always value it for its no uncertain sound on the temperance and Sabbath questions, also on all the moral questions of the day. We congratulate you on your Diamond Jubilee, and on the beneficial and valuable influence the 'Witness' wields on our fellow countrymen. I am yours truly.

JAMES WARREN.

Newmarket, Ont., Jan. 18.

Gentlemen,—I have been a regular subscriber to the 'Witness' for thirty years and you can depend upon me as long as I live, no matter in what part of the world I may be. My wife and family cannot do without the 'Weekly Witness.' Yours truly,

MARMADUKE HUTCHINSON.

The Measuring Rod.

Let us measure our duty in giving. What shall be the measuring-rod?

1. Capacity. 'She hath done what she could.'

2. Opportunity. 'As ye have opportunity, do good unto all men.'

3. Convictions. 'That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes.'

4. The necessity of others. 'If a brother or sister be naked, or destitute of daily food,' etc.

5. The providence of God. 'Let every man lay by him in store as God has prospered him.'

6. Symmetry of character. 'Abound in this grace also.'

The Witness.

The 'Witness' gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance and agriculture.

The 'Witness' special departments such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page,' 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agriculture,' 'Horticulture,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

In 1846 the 'Witness' was started by the late John Dougall, and its aim was to supply the Dominion of Canada with the best possible newspaper. One which would always keep in mind high ideals and be 'for God and Home and Native Land.' The 'Witness' has grown since then. Modern machinery and present possibilities have made great improvements inevitable. But it has never outgrown the principles that are, so to say, engraved on its corner stone.

Few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time. The result is that the 'Witness' enjoys a loyal constituency that cannot be tempted to leave it in favor of any other publication.

A newspaper published on the 'Witness' lines needs the support of those who are willing to pay its subscription price for the reason that it voluntarily foregoes in the interest of its subscribers much revenue from pernicious advertisements, etc., that other publications accept regardless of their readers.

The 'Witness' is certainly unique among the great metropolitan newspapers of the world.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Bessie Montgomery, Little Cascapedia, P.Q., $3.00; Harry Young, Rossland, B.C., $1.00; Annie Cummings, Maxville, $1.00; total, $5.00.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

By special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

'Yes, of course; to know something.'

'But for what, brother? What will you do with it?'

'I can find that out afterwards,' said Rodney easily.

'I don't make you out, pardner,' objected Rasmus. 'I see when folks puts a cargo on a boat they knows where to carry it, and what it will come to. When we loads up a cart we knows where we're going to carry the load, when the farmer plants corn or 'taters, he knows pretty well where he'll find a market; and seems to me if you're going to load up your head, likewise you should know what you're going make out of it.'

'You see, Rasmus, there's a certain amount of learning that must be a beginning for any profession. I must have Latin and Greek and mathematics, and—'

'What's them agin?' asked Rasmus.

'Why, languages and—figures, numbers.'

'O, as for langidge, I've got a pretty lively tongue in my head; and as for numbers, I can count as far as all the dollars I'm likely to get.'

'O, there's more than that; this counting and so on is just arithmetic. I've been through that; but what do you think of being able to tell how much the world weighs, and how far it is to the sun, and how far from one star to another?'

'I don't see any use in it,' said Rasmus. 'It's farther to the sun or moon than the strongest man can throw, and who cares to know how far it is from one star to another, seeing no man can go it? I'd much rather know how far it is from Pittsburg to Harrisburg; there's something you can tie to in that. And then, who can tell how much the world weighs, just as if there is any one who can pick it up in his hand, like one can a cake?'

'So there is,' said Rodney; 'God can. It says in the Bible that God holds the seas—the ocean, you know—in the hollow of His hand, and takes up the islands as a very little thing, same as I could an apple-seed.'

'I don't believe it,' said Rasmus, promptly.

'But you have to; it's in the Bible, and that's true. Then if one studies what I tell you of, one learns all the names of every star, and that some of them make a big bear, and some a little bear, and some a man named Orion, walking along the sky, and some a pair of little fat twins, and some a great snake.'

'That's most awful bamboozle, not a word of the truth.'

'It is true. I saw it in a book, a celestial atlas; Mr. Andrews had it. I wanted to bring it along, but it was too big. I'll get my uncle to buy me one. And it tells you all how the world goes flying round the sun.'

'Now ain't you ashamed, Rod, to tell such awful lies, on a day as you've heard preaching in the morning! I know the sun moves, 'cause I see it, but the world don't move, or I'd have seen that.'

'But you're on the world, you know.'

'What difference does that make?'

'Were you ever on a railroad train? Didn't the trees and fences seem to spin by you, and you stand still? While really it was you that went, and they kept still? So the world goes whirling round the sun, and the sun don't go at all. We keep going round the sun.'

'I swan!' cried Rasmus, who was cosmopolite in speech.

'You see the world is round—' began Rod.

'I don't see no such thing,' said Rasmus rising and looking about. 'Well, yes, the sky does seem to settle kind of circ'lar. Yes, meb-by it is round like a plate.'

'Not like a plate—like a ball—shape of an orange.'

'Oh, you stow that, Rod, I'll get mad if you try to fool me too much. I can't stand everything.'

'I'm telling you the truth. If I had wires and apples, little and big, and potatoes and nuts, I could make it all out for you, and show you the hang of the whole thing. The world is round, and goes rolling over and over.'

'Then we'd fall off,' interrupted Rasmus, 'and what's more, some would stand up straight, and some would stand heads down, and some kittering. Now all the men ever I see stood straight, only when they was drunk.'

'The world is so great, you see, and the—what we call sky, so far off, we always are straight in regard to all that is around us, and that is all that's needed.'

'No, said Rasmus, virtuously, 'we ought to be real straight if we pretend to be; 'tain't enough to say we're straight.'

'Why, see here,' said Rod, looking for a symbol. 'If I'm good-natured to all people around me, all that ever see me, then I am good-natured, ain't I, even if in my mind I said I was furious mad at the emperor of China?'

'He'd shake in his shoes if he knew it,' said Rasmus, with a big wink, thrusting his tongue into his cheek.

But Rodney was intent on science. 'And we don't fall off the world, and go flying through the sky, because of something in the world, called the attraction of gravitation, which holds us fast to it—sticks us, you know.

Rasmus considered this attraction of gravitation in the light of bird lime, or other sticky substance, and meditatively turned up the broad sole of his shoe. Then he said:

'Don't try to humbug me. If we were stuck like that, we couldn't go, and we wear shoes and change shoes. I tell you, pardner, if this kind of truck is what you learn going to college, you'll learn ten times more along the road. Do you know what time of day the chickweed wakes up; what time the dandy-lion goes to sleep, why the sorrel folds its leaves down the stem of nights? Did you ever see a flower eatin' flies, and know how it does that same? When you find a nutshell in the woods, can you tell what kind of a critter ate the meat of the nut? Do you know whether crows can count, and whether ants can count? Do you know whether flowers like ants or hate 'em? Did you ever see a woodpecker storing up food for hisself? Do you know what kinds of animals laugh? If you see a little round hole in the ground, 'bout the size of a little pipe-stem, would you know what made it?'

No, Rodney would know none of these things.

'That's the kind of learning I've got along the road,' said Rasmus with pride, 'and there's sense in that.'

'I should like to learn these things, too,' said Rodney.

This placated Rasmus—he replied affably: 'You see your learning may be good of its kind, though it is powerful hard to swallow some of it. Still, if you can make it clear to me, I don't mind hearing some of it. I don't object to nothing I can get without much trouble, 'cept the small-pox, or a fever, or some of them things. Now you and me is going in for a good time. I'll tell you just how we'll work it. We'll stop aboard here till to-morrow, and then we'll look over our traps and get ready for the road. The weather's just beautiful. We'll take it easy along, and I'll show you every day a hundred new things you never see before. You'll feel as if you've got ten eyes instead of two in your head, and the way you'll get acquainted with all kinds of bees, and bugs, and birds, and little animals, and flowers, will make you just as happy as a king. I shouldn't think kings would enjoy themselves much, anyway, I've see their pictures, with a great heavy thing, like a piece of carpet or table-cloth with a spotted border, trailing from their shoulders to the ground, and behind 'em, and a great heavy pointed thing like a piece of a pot-rim, called a crown, on their heads; standing stiff as a poker—what's the use of being king, I says, if you can't have your liberty? And as I was planning to you, brother, by them same cheerful ways, we walks along the roads, and the scenery is just beautiful—until finally we come to New York, and finds your uncle, and I'll advertize for my Robin, but I've got nine dollars in my pocket, and I asked the steward if they had pretty big papers in Pittsburg, and he said they had, so I guess I'll drop one advertize in the paper there, to ease my mind, as I go along.'

'But where will you say he is to address you, if he sees it, and you will be going all the time, you know?'

At this puzzle Rasmus shook his round black head.

'The man in the newspaper office might tell you. And how will you write out your advertisement?'

'Suppose you do that,' said Rasmus.

'All right—you tell me what you want in.'

Rodney took out a little note-book and pencil, and waited.

'Why, pard, you say that 'bout twelve year ago—no, you say that information is wanted, of a little chap named Robin, with a mighty pretty face, and curly yellow hair, as got took from a Home for the Friendless, in New York City, and carried into Indianny, and from there west; and his brother wants him, and can take good care of him, and wants whoever has him to give him up.'

'But that won't do. It must be short—the longer you make it, the more they charge.'

'I don't mind charge. I'll pay the nine dollars.'

'But you'll need some of that; and you want to say for other papers "to please copy"; and they won't, if it is a whole chapter long. Now, if you and Robin had a last name—'

'But we haven't; if ever we had I've forgot it. I was Rasmus and he was Robin, and dad was dad, and mammy was mammy; and dad was called "drunken Bobby" by the neighborhood boys, and I used to lamm them good for their sass. S'pose he was drunken, they needn't go to throw it up at him; plenty of 'em was beginning that line theirselves, spending their pennies on gin and chewing-tobacco, and hanging round the grog-shops for treats. Dear knows, Rod! how many of them little chaps I used to play shinny with, and making dams in the gutter, do you s'pose is reelin' about, drunken men, now, or in State's prison, or dead in fights, or in the streets, mostly along of liquor?'

'Good many of them, I guess,' said Rod; 'they say sixty thousand a year go that way, and I suppose a good many come out of New York.'

'They weren't such bad little chaps, if they'd had half a chance,' said Rasmus; 'downright jolly, kind-hearted, plucky little men they were, some of 'em. Had the makings of as nice men as me, or the boat captain, in 'em. But what did they ever see but badness? What was ever so much in their way as whiskey? They sucked it with their mother's milk; they got it by example. Why, if it hadn't been for Robin, and me taking care of him, and then two years in the country with the farmer, where I had plenty to eat, and good milk and coffee, and hard work to keep me out of mischief, and good enough bed, and a warm fire to sit by, I'd have gone that way, too, I reckon; and after I ran away, I always had my mind on one thing—finding Robin, and I knew he wouldn't take to me, and I couldn't do for him, if I took to drinking. But when I look back and think of all them little fellers I played with 'long the streets, or down to the Battery evenings, why, it goes against my grain, to feel how such a raft of them came into this 'ere world, without half a chance for theirselves; and no one to lend 'em a hand, and no one hindered their destruction, and they had a bad time all through, and went to the bad altogether.'

During this monologue, Rodney had toiled away at a form of advertisement, and produced the following:

'Wanted to Find:—A little boy, named Robin: with yellow hair, and a hump-back, by his brother, Erasmus. Other papers please copy. He went West. Address—'

'I've left the address out, till we ask the men at the paper office.'

'Well, brother, you must put in he's pretty, or, seeing that "hump-back," some one might allow he was ugly, and he ain't.'

'Well: I can say—"pretty face."'

'Yes—ladle that out; but my name ain't

Erasmus; it is Rasmus, and no E to it; he wouldn't know me.'

'It ought to be Erasmus,' insisted Rod, 'for that's right.'

'What makes a name right, is bein' so,' said Rasmus, stoutly, 'and I don't care what my name ought to be. I know that it is; it's Rasmus, and you set it down so.'

There was now silence: Rodney and Rasmus each lost in thought. During this silence a head rose over some boxes piled not far off, and a pair of keen eyes, under heavy gray brows, began to scrutinize the man and the boy, sitting on the coil of rope. The head rose more and more above the boxes, until the shoulders came into view. The head was large, and had abundant long hair and full whiskers and beard, all iron-gray, like the brows. The face was middle-aged, sensible, and kindly, tanned as if by much out-of-door life. After a long inspection of Rodney and Rasmus, this person came round from behind the boxes. He was very short—only the height of the boy Rodney, but his shoulders were broad. His hands were slender, and though browned, were soft, as if he had not worked at manual labor. He wore a corduroy suit, a soft, widé-brimmed felt hat, and a fine gray flannel shirt, laced up the front. He came softly up to the pair on the rope, and said, abruptly, 'I heard all you said.'

'We don't say nothin' we're ashamed of!' retorted Rasmus.

'So I should suppose,' replied the little man, blandly, taking a seat near them. 'I have seen you since you came on the boat, but I have not spoken to you, for what I have to say does not generally interest folks. I'm more acquainted with plants and insects, than with people. I spend my time in the summer, travelling about the country, and observing, and in the winters I compare in the libraries, and write up what I know.'

'There, now, brother,' said Rasmus, turning to Rodney, 'here's a learned man, as studies the roads. Wish you luck, dad,' he added irreverently to the stranger.

'I understand from what you say,' said the little man, 'that you contemplate a trip across the country, to New York?'

'What's that agin?' asked Rasmus, dubiously.

'You mean to walk from Pittsburg to New York?'

'Maybe we do.'

(To be continued.)

The Boy on the Farm.

His Pleasure and Work.

Pleasure and the pursuit of it are not first things inculcated in young minds among farming people. Pleasures come after duty has been done, and they are the rewards for the duties that have been well done. This placing of duty first is of great disciplinary advantage in the training that the country boys receive. The chores and crops cannot be postponed, and the prompt accomplishment of duties becomes a habit of life. Pretty nearly everything a country boy encounters day by day has a tendency toward the development of a healthy and wholesome individuality.

There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do. This work, chiefly out of doors, inculcates industrious and regular habits, and at the same time contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. A boy who has the hard work and wholesome pleasures of farm life can hardly fail to grow up with sound lungs and heart, and with sturdy limbs. When the time comes, some of the world's great work will be shouldered by him naturally and as a matter of course.

A boy's early thoughts are not of his personal appearances, but of his surroundings,—the yard outside, the cattle and other interesting inmates of the great barn, the fields, and the unknown, wonderful possibilities of the woods beyond. He wants to investigate, to walk, to run, and climb. Here is where the country boy has the advantage of the poor boy of the city whose playground is the sidewalk, and whose object lessons are the unyielding faces of the buildings and the passing drays and street cars and itinerant merchants.

From exploring the yard, the country boy goes naturally to the barn, with its cattle and mysterious mows and treasure-troves of hens' nests. His small eyes are round with the wonderof what he sees, and the suggestions of what he does not see; but all the time the wonder is giving way to shrewd comprehension. By the time he has explored the fields and woods, and has followed the windings of the stream to the borders of the next farm, and investigated the woodpeckers' and owls' holes in the decayed trees of the orchard, he has become master and companion of his surroundings. By that time, although he may not be beyond the kindergarten age of the city boy, he is old enough to begin work.

What a Boy Means to a Farm.

Sometimes I contrast a farm supplied with a boy with one that is not, and wonder if everybody, the owner of the unfortunate farm included, does not realize the difference.

The farm boy is always in strong evidence. He is not an incumbrance, but a factor; and though he is in the way occasionally, and is sometimes mischievous and unmanageable, he it also a necessity and the source of endless pleasure and satisfaction. It is he who picks up stones in the spring, and potatoes and apples in the fall; who rides the horse for ploughing, does barn chores, cuts wood, attends school, runs endless errands, and still finds time for his own private world of amusement and plans. He keeps down the woodchucks and other mischievous prowlers that menace the farmer's prosperity. He manufactures successful scarecrows to ward off robins from the strawberry bed and crows from the cornfield. It is upon him that the household depends in the spring for cowslips, in the summer for huckleberries and blackberries, and in the fall for a rich store of nuts, and perhaps an occasional feast of partridge, or quail. He keeps the house clear of rats, and the flower garden clear of weeds, and the brook clear of trout.

But it is in the fall, when the bulk of the farm work is over, that the boy rises to his full strength. He has more time of his own and it is all occupied. His chores are accomplished with surprising rapidity and his own concerns reap the benefit of the saved time. His shrill whistle is heard from the barn and from the fields and from the garret and from the tops of the apple trees and from the cellar, and generally the whistle is accompanied by the anticipatory barks of a dog and perhaps the laughter and comments of some other boy.

Harvest days may be long but the boy does not dread them as he does some of the planting and cultivating days of spring and summer. There is something exhilarating in the shocking and husking of corn and in the uncovering and measuring of potatoes and turnips.

It is hard work, it is true, and the boy goes to bed with aching back and limbs; but for all that, harvesting seldom makes him weary of the farm, and he wakes in the morning with a fresh store of energy which will carry him through the day.

In the Glorious Autumn Days.

And then the picking and sorting of apples, barrels and barrels of smooth, firm greenings and richly-tinted baldwins and fragrant bellflowers. Some of them will go into the storeroom and some into the cellar and some be sent away to market; and, if it is an apple year, there may be great piles of good keepers to store in deep pits in the earth, to mellow and flavor during the long winter months, and be uncovered in spring when apples are scarce. The boy has his favorites for each month, and almost each week, and he eats them with the keen, wholesome appetite of the country boy.

After the apples are gathered and stored away there are pumpkins to be brought in from the fields. They are piled in great yellow heaps, to wait until frosty nights make it necessary to remove them to some warm corner of the shed or barn.

Then comes the late husking and the stacking up of immense piles of cornstalks as reserve food for the cows during the winter; and after that, perhaps, a few days of cranberry picking.

By that time the work is being 'caught up' and the boy has frequent opportunities to go after chestnuts and walnuts, and to set snares among the birches and in the deep woods where he thinks there are 'signs' of quail or partridge. He has chums who come to him from the neighboring farms, and they go off in couples and trios and quartettes, and they have calls and signals which enable them to scatter through the woods without danger of strays or defections.

'Helping Father.'

Even at its hardest, when there is a mortgage on the farm or more stock needed or new tools required, so that every dollar saved and every hour's work that can be added is something to be planned for and made the most of, the boy's lot in a loving home is not a hard one. He is 'helping father,' and so far as possible is doing a man's work. He knows just how much is paid on the mortgage from time to time or how much is being saved up toward another horse or pair of oxen or a plough, and whether mother will be able to have her new dress from the fall apples or have to wait until she sells her turkeys at Thanksgiving or Christmas, and he is keenly rejoiced or disappointed as the case may be. As soon as he begins to work, however young, it is 'our farm' and 'our work' and what 'we' intend to do, and though every bone in his body may be aching from a long day of picking up stones, he will look one squarely in the face as he says it, with his shoulders well back.

Then his sleep? During these times when his small shoulders are helping to sustain the farm burden, he just gets into bed at night and slips out at the 'Come boys, get up!' in the morning, and that is all he knows about the matter. Then, the leisure which comes after the hurry! what farm boy does not know the joy and exultation of it? There is no holiday so full and glorious as that which follows hard work that has been thoroughly done.

The chores that a country boy does are not always pleasant; they are far less agreeable than training for a boat race or a football game. In their accomplishment there is little applause; it is mostly humdrum work, which usually begins with the day and which does not end until darkness has settled down and it is time to sleep. But it is work which transforms the boy into a strong-hearted, clear-headed man; the kind of work which makes great men.—'Wellspring.'

Our Diamond Jubilee.

It is just sixty years ago since the late Mr. John Dougall started publishing the 'Witness.' That is three score years ago. This is therefore our Diamond Jubilee Year as a publishing house. We are not asking for presents in commemoration of the year, and much less are we asking for Diamond presents. But we are asking all of our subscribers—and we want the request to be personal to each reader—that an effort be made to increase the 'Witness' circulation by the addition of five thousand new subscriptions mailed during this month of February.

'Messenger' readers into whose homes the 'Witness' has not been taken before, can join this 'Diamond Jubilee Club' on very advantageous terms, as they are entitled to get the 'Weekly Witness' on trial for all the rest of this year for only half the annual rate by filling out the Diamond Jubilee coupon which appears on page thirteen, and remitting fifty cents therewith. A brief notice of the 'Weekly Witness' will be found on page 2.

And those 'Messenger' subscribers who are already enjoying the weekly visits of the 'Witness' newspaper will be able to work up clubs for it and the 'Northern Messenger' to the advantage of all concerned. Our clubbing offers appear in this paper or will be sent on application with subscription blanks, etc., to facilitate canvass.

Which of our readers will be the first to avail themselves of our Jubilee Club offer by cutting out the Jubilee Coupon and remitting fifty cents therewith for the 'Weekly Witness' for all the rest of this year on trial?

And who will be the first to mail us during this month of February a club of 'Messenger' or 'Witness' subscriptions?

Unfit for Service.

One night, 'twas a Saturday evening,
I sat alone in my room,
Watching the fading daylight
And the steadily gathering gloom.

And I longed and watched for an op'ning—
A word with my Master to say,
Ere the twilight gave place to darkness,
And the week had died away.

I knew that there had been moments
Afforded me through the week
When I might have witnessed for Jesus,
But I hadn't the heart to speak.

And now, when I would have spoken,
The privilege was denied,
So I went in my sorrow to Jesus,
And 'Why is it thus?' I cried.

Ah, the Master knew all about it,
So He said, and I knew 'twas right,
'The tool is too blunt for service,
I cannot use it to-night.'

O Christians, learn well this lesson—
We can only be used by God
When communion with Him hath fashioned
Our mouth like a sharpened sword.

The shaft, to be used, must be polished,
Must be hid in the Master's hand;
The arrow, while hid in the quiver,
Must be sharpened to perform His Command.

Then polish and sharpen me, Master,
Though painful the process may be
And make me an instrument fitted
To be used any moment by Thee.

What Helen Gave.

Sympathy and Helpfulness which Rescued a Young Girl from Despair.

(F. A. Reynolds, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

'Oh dear!' said Helen, deeply.

It was a genuine sigh, and Mrs. Palmer looked inquiringly over at her daughter, who was lying upon the low, board lounge, resting after a hard day in the schoolroom, but the girl was gravely studying the figures on the wall-paper and did not meet her mother's look, so Mrs. Palmer spoke:

'Why that sigh, dear?'

'Oh, I was just reading something here that reminded me how much there is to do in the world, and how little I can do—how much need there is of money, and how little I have to give!' replied Helen, duplicating the sigh that had attracted her mother's attention.

'Ah!' said Mrs. Palmer, 'That is true, but fortunately, money is not everything, and people are in need of a great deal of what we are abundantly able to give to them, and, moreover, God accepts it, because it is needed, because it is what we have to give and because it is given in His name!'

'That sounds cheery mother!' said Helen, rising on her elbow with a smile. 'You always do find a bright side, though!'

'I learned long ago to find it, because it is always there and it is so much pleasanter to see!' replied Mrs. Palmer, laughing.

'Sure enough!' commented Helen. 'But what about the things in abundance which I have to give, that are needed more than money!'

It must be acknowledged that Helen's tones sounded a little skeptical, and Mrs. Palmer smiled as she replied:

'I really think about as many people are starving for kindness as for bread, and surely you can take a little time to smile and shake hands with strangers and say a word here and there which will brighten the hours. You can wear a cheerful, hopeful face instead of a discontented, unhappy expression. You know the difference it makes to you whether you see one or the other.'

'Yes, indeed!' assented Helen. 'I have had a smile warm and brighten a whole day for me, and a pleasant, appreciative word has often made me very happy; but that is easy, mother, and it seems as if any one might do that and yet long for means and time to minister to the bodily wants which are so pressing.'

'Bodily wants are pressing, certainly, but no more so than spiritual wants, even in this material world, my dear, as you will discover for yourself as you go through life. Moreover, it is not easy for every one to bestow the pleasant word and cheery smile, nor for any of us at all times! It requires genuine unselfishness to remember that people need them, no matter how miserably we may feel. No, my daughter, you can do a great deal, if you keep your eyes open. If you are ever blessed with money and leisure, use them both to bless others, but be sure what you have now to give is needed, and if you fail to give it, you, as well as others, lose a blessing.'

'What a dear good preacher you are mother!' exclaimed Helen, springing up and putting the sofa pillow in place. 'And the best of it is, you practice as well as you preach! And see, I am rested, already, as the result of this special little sermon. I will go right to work on my papers so as to get through before prayer-meeting time. I wish your cold would not prevent you from going!'

'So do I, but I think it prudent to stay in to-night,' said Mrs. Palmer, folding a garment she had just mended.

Helen seated herself at a little table by the west window and applied herself resolutely, to that most disagreeable of a teacher's tasks, the correcting of written exercises. She worked as long as she could see, then lighted the large study lamp with its rose pink shade and worked away until, just as her mother called her to tea, she finished the last paper.

Helen's brother was at home from the store, and a pleasant conversation enlivened the meal and Helen was in the best of spirits as she donned her hat and wrap and went to prayer-meeting. She was just in time, but felt a little depressed to see the small number assembled in the pleasant lecture-room.

The singing was rather spiritless, until Helen decided she would put herself in it and she succeeded in making it a different thing. The pastor looked a little surprised, and a good deal gratified, and read a short psalm of thanksgiving before the regular lesson. His prayer was a sincere, earnest plea for help in the meeting and a blessing on the assembling together. Helen led again in the singing. It was her first attempt to take any responsibility in making the meeting what it should be. She felt emboldened to say a few words in a lull when everybody was waiting for somebody else. The unusual experience of having a young woman speak some decidedly helpful words, promptly and decisively, surprised all the good people into something like life, and the meeting was the best the pastor remembered. He met Helen at the door and taking her hand, said warmly: 'I want to thank you for speaking this evening, and for what you said. Do not let this be the last time. We need the young people to stir us up. Young people's meetings are good, but they should not keep them from regular meetings of the church, where they will both give and get good.'

Helen stepped out into the vestibule and as she did so, she saw, coming from the other door, a young woman whom she had often seen at the weekly prayer-meetings, but they had never been introduced, and as the stranger seemed always in a hurry, she had never supposed it her business, particularly, to speak to her.

This evening, however, as she saw the shy, lonely figure and caught a glimpse of dark, brooding, sorrowful eyes, her mother's words came into her mind, and, acting on the impulse she stepped forward and put out her hand with a cordial smile, saying in her winning way:

'Seems to me we have met before often enough to be acquainted, especially as we probably belong to the same family.'

The sad, stern face brightened into something like a smile and the shadows slipped out of the large eyes, as the young woman replied, 'Yes, we have both been to the meetings often, and I am a member of this church, if that is what you mean.'

'I am glad of that,' said Helen, 'and now, which way do you go home?'

'I am nurse to Mrs. Hammond's children,' said the girl, with a half defiant air.

'Mrs. Hammond, who also belongs to our church?' asked Helen, then adding, as the other nodded an affirmation, 'I like her very much, and her sister, Mrs. Fernly, too. Well, my way home is past Mrs. Hammond's, so we will walk together, if you are willing.'

'If I am willing,' echoed the girl. 'You are the first one in the church who has offered to walk with me,' she added bitterly, as they went down the steps into the street.

Helen noted the tone, but made no comment—merely observing the beauty of the evening.

'I suppose we might as well introduce ourselves by name,' laughed Helen, 'my name is Palmer.'

'And mine is Jennie Ford,' said the other.

'Then you are not much acquainted in the church,' remarked Helen.

'Oh, no, I am only a servant you know, and no one wants to know me,' was the answer, and the shadows crept back into the eyes, as Helen saw when she turned quickly to look into her companion's face.

'Only a servant,' she echoed, 'Why, we are all servants, or ought to be, and Christ the greatest servant of all. He taught us, you remember, that he is greatest who serves most. I suppose the secret of being useful and happy is being contented wherever we are and dignifying the place by doing our duty faithfully and cheerfully.'

'Perhaps so,' assented Jennie, doubtfully, 'but if you were in my place, you might feel differently.'

'I am sure I don't want to change places with anybody,' said Helen, not even with the lady of the White House, but however I might feel it would not change the truth of what I said. In fact, we should not trust to such variable things as feelings. Truth is truth, you know, and God's Word is always to be depended on, no matter how we feel.'

'But you don't know,' persisted Jennie Ford vehemently. 'Theories are fine, and what you have said is true, but it doesn't prevent people from looking down on girls who work out for a living—you know that. I have always wanted to study, and of course I have had no chance because I had to leave school so young to go to work to take care of myself, so I am ignorant and I know it—and—it hurts me. I am proud, I suppose, but I would give anything to study and learn.'

'Why can't you?' asked Helen quickly. Jennie turned around and looked into Helen's face to see if she were joking, but Helen simply repeated, 'Why can't you study, even now? Haven't you any time at your disposal?'

'Yes,' replied Jennie slowly, 'I have all my evenings after the children are in bed at eight o'clock, and sometimes I might find an hour or so by bits through the day. But you see I do not know how to go about it, and I have no books and do not know what I need.'

'Well, now, I think we can remedy all that,' said Helen cheerily. Just come over to our house—say to-morrow evening, can you?'

'I think so,' said Jennie, with a wondering look in her eyes.

'We will find out what you need to study and what books you want, and I will mark out some lessons for you to prepare and come over once or twice a week to recite to me.'

'I think you are one of God's angels,' cried the girl impulsively, with tears welling up and ready to drop. 'And He will reward you, for I can't, but if it is any pleasure to you to know it, you have given me a hope, and a new lease of life.'

'It is great pleasure to me to feel that I can help you to any measure of happiness,' returned Helen warmly. 'To-morrow evening, then, as soon after eight as you can come. And be sure—' she added merrily, 'You will find no angel, but a very exacting school-mistress. It is my every day vocation you know, and if there was a servant of the public, it is the teacher.'

'Oh, I wish I could be a teacher,' cried Jennie. 'I thank you so much Miss Palmer, and I will surely be on hand if nothing prevents.'

They shook hands at parting, at Mrs. Hammond's gate, and Helen hastened around the corner and a few steps up the street to her own home. She was soon seated in the easy chair by the bright fire which the chilly autumn evenings made seem so cheerful.

She told her mother about the meeting and her talk with Jennie Ford, concluding with the remark, 'Another effect of your dear little sermon this afternoon, mother. She seemed to feel that I had done her good, and so I shall pass the credit on to you.'

Then silence fell on mother and daughter,

and ere long the silence of night hushed the busy city.

And the sequel?

It would take too long to tell of the blissful evenings spent by Jennie Ford in the Palmer's pleasant home, and of the real delight the tired teacher took in the rapid progress of this enthusiastic student, as she ciphered and wrote her historical themes and developed an appreciable literary taste. We can only hint of the interest taken in her by a friend and of the family and of the mutual love and consequent marriage; but we must not omit the last words the bride whispered to Helen as she said good-bye before leaving for her own home.

'Ah! You little knew what you gave me when you gave me the smile and kind word that evening in the church! You gave me life, for—I had determined to end my discouraged existence. Hope is life Helen, and that is what you gave me.'

Settle it Early.

I have no hesitancy in saying to beginners in the Christian life: 'Settle that money-question among the first things you do as a follower of Christ.' As early as you fix your habits of prayer, or church-going, or 'taking part in meeting,' or acting upon committees of any sort, wrestle with the duty of sharing as much as God will permit in the requirements of cash in carrying on the work of the church. In this world, as we find it, the interests of most men are largely centered in those ways to which they give their money; and if you want a satisfactory, rewarding, helpful Christian experience, make up your mind at the start, whether you are poor or rich, are hard-working or with plenty of leisure, to have a passion for putting as much money into the work of God's church as you possibly can. If one gives himself to God and His kingdom, his money must go with him. It is the law of partnership. We cannot go into the business of saving this world including ourselves, with the Lord Jesus Christ as our partner, and then throw nickels into the contribution box, dodge every subscription we can and vote down every proposition which requires money. Becoming a Christian is far more than consenting to be saved from the ultimate consequences of a sinful life. It means giving our love to God and all that object he loves most. The percentage of your money which you gladly pour into the Christian work of your day measures the extent of your Christian character quite as much as your prayers, your church-going and your prominence in committee-work.—The Rev. J. H. Goodell.

What the Master Found.

The night was shading the landscape with winter twilight when the man entered this town. He was no common man, and was bent upon no ordinary mission. An empire was to be overthrown and upon its ruins a new kingdom established. It was an enterprise environed with peril. Already it had cost precious lives and priceless fortunes.

The man bore himself as one who journeys through a hostile country, knowing that his enemies swarmed about him, vigilant, fearless, powerful. He took from his breast a little book and glanced at the list of names written therein.

'I have in this community,' he said, 'a band of five hundred friends, who have vowed to be loyal to me, faithful to my cause. They know that it is in danger. This is the night of their own appointment for meeting me, that I may instruct and encourage and strengthen them.'

The deep tone of a bell broke upon the air. 'It is the signal for their gathering,' said the man, and hastened forward. Soon he paused before a large building which, save for one dimly lighted room in the rear of the basement, was empty and silent. A man, evidently on guard, stood near the door. He started as the stranger saluted him.

'I am expecting to meet some friends here to-night.'

The janitor looked suspiciously at him.

'You'll have to wait then,' he said presently. 'There won't be anybody around here for half an hour yet.'

'You are a member of the band that assembles here?'

'Um,' replied the janitor.

'Is there great zeal among the brethren of the fraternity? Are you united, loyal, eager, aggressive?'

'Well,' replied the janitor cautiously, 'things are a little quiet with us just at present. Times are hard; and there's a good deal of opposition. We had a great many things to discourage us. Maybe in a couple of months we may get some outside help and shake things up a little; but we don't feel justified in making an effort right now. Will you walk in?'

The stranger entered the room indicated by a sweep of the janitor's hand. Presently an old woman came in, glanced timidly about her, and sat down as far away from the stranger as she could get. By and by came two women. Then a bevy of young girls fluttered in, sat down, bent their heads together for a convulsive giggle and lapsed into silence. A lame man limped to a seat behind the stove. After a while, a group of women rustled in, one of them leading a reluctant boy. A tired-looking man, in laborer's garb, sunk wearily into a seat apart from the rest. After a long interval there entered a man in black, who stealthily tiptoed his way to a seat behind the others. Others came dropping in, until twenty-three people were assembled in, or rather scattered through, the room. They were evidently there in peril of their lives. Everything disclosed a scene of half-restrained fear. The repeated glances at the clock; the painful intenseness with which they listened to every approaching footfall until it passed; the quickness with which all eyes were turned toward the door as often as it was opened, deepening the impression that this was an unlawful assembly.

The stranger softly passed out, no one barring his way. Glancing at his book by the wind-shaken light of the street lamps, he went searching for his absent friends. Three of them he found on a street corner, discussing the political problems of the government under which they lived. Seven men he found in a club-room, reading, chatting, smoking. A score he found at public entertainments; a few at their places of business, lying in wait for belated customers; a half-dozen at a progressive euchre party. Some were in a neighbor's house whiling away the hour by social intercourse. Many were at home, some too tired to go out, because they had been out all day and were planning to go out again to-morrow, and some doing nothing and wearily tired of it. A few were sick; a few were ministering to them. Some were curing convenient headaches by reading the latest novels. So in the course of the evening the band of five hundred was accounted for. Twenty-three at the rendezvous—four hundred and seventy-seven here, there, and elsewhere; dawdling, sleeping—a discouraging outlook for a struggling revolution.'

'And what is all this ancient history?' you ask.

Oh, nothing much. And not so very ancient either. Only Jesus Christ dropped in at a recent prayer-meeting in your church. That was all. And where did he find you?—Robert J. Burdette.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 367 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

Wishing.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do;
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true,
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thought be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—'Youth's Companion.'

Beware of the Spirit of Envy.

Envy is a sin that acts disastrously in more than one way. It is liable to work out in injury to others. One envies another because of his position or because of his success. He then tries to diminish the influence of the other. If he does not do it openly he attempts, perchance, in some underhanded way to undermine him. By his looks and interrogations he throws doubt on the life or work of the one whom he envies. Envy has slain many a useful Christian worker. There are people who will do little Christian work themselves that are so filled with envy that they are ever casting innuendoes and insinuations on the motives and work of others. Young friends, let us beware of this spirit.

Sometimes envy arises because of the wealth or property of others. You remember to what crimes envy led Ahab. The sin of Naboth's vineyard has been often repeated.

Envy works as much against the one who is moved by it as it does against anyone. The envious person cannot be really happy. His soul is distorted, nauseated, seasick. He is unable to form correct judgments of the acts of others. Sunshine is darkness to him.

Envy has its seat in the heart in which all sins are nursed. (Matt. xv., 10-20). If the least seed of envy begins to sprout in our hearts we should kill it by acts of love and by prayer. Let it not grow for an hour. It is a poison plant.

Speak Out.

We are very much in sympathy with the Christian Endeavor method of calling young men and women into the work of public address. The development of effective and successful Christian workers has been immensely accelerated by the method; but when persons are called upon for this kind of work they should train themselves to speak in a tone of voice that can be heard.

Recently we were present at a service in which a young lady read a paper before a very large congregation. We were quite close to the platform, but did not hear a word. All that we heard was a mumbling sound. Those on the platform said it was a very creditable paper. We are sure, however, that out of a thousand people not a hundred heard a word of it. The result was disappointment, impatience, and restlessness in the congregation.

Persons who undertake such work owe it to themselves, to the congregation, and to the society they represent to speak loud enough to be heard distinctly. If they cannot do this they should get some one to read their paper for them, or decline to make an address. Some preachers are guilty of this habit, at least during part of their sermon. They begin so low that the congregation cannot hear them, or during the discourse let their voice fall into a whisper. It is all wrong—a bad habit that should be corrected. Every person engaging in public address should speak loud enough to be heard distinctly, nor does this mean that the voice need be unduly elevated. —'Methodist Protestant.'

The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World.')

THE STORY OF THE FARTHING

(Concluded.)

'"Oh yes!" said Nanny. "Will you buy it, mamma, or shall I?'

'"You, darling."

'And when they reached the shop, Nanny looked round once more at her mother, and opening the shop door with a very pleased and excited little face, she marched up to the counter.

'"If you please, sir," she said, laying me down on the counter, "I want some thing for a very poor little girl. She's sitting out in the street all alone." And Nanny's lips were trembling at the remembrance. Her mother's eyes were full, too.

'"What will you have, my dear?" said the baker.

'Nanny looked up at her mother.

'"What would you like if you were hungry?" replied her mother.

'"Oh, I should like some bread," said Nanny, "and I guess the little girl would, too. But all those loaves are too big."

'"How would these do," said the baker, taking some rolls out of a drawer.

'"Oh, they're just the thing!" said Nanny, "and I like rolls so much. May I take one, sir? and is a farthing enough to pay for it?"

'The baker gave a queer little shake of his

head, and searching below the counter for a bit of wrapping-paper, he laid the two largest rolls upon it.

'"A farthing is enough to pay for two," he said. 'Shall I tie them up for you?'

'"No, thank you, sir; you needn't tie it—if you'll only wrap them up a little."

'The baker went right into the back room,' continued the farthing, 'to tell the story to his wife, and I was left to my own reflections on the counter; but I had reason to be well satisfied, for it was certainly the largest farthing's worth I had ever bought in my life. But while I lay there thinking about it, a boy came into the shop, and, seeing me, he caught me up and ran out again. At least, he was running out, when he tripped and fell, and, as I am noted for slipping through people's fingers, I slipped through his, and rolled to the farthest corner of the shop. There I lay all night, and in the morning when the baker's boy was sweeping the floor, he found me and put me in the till, for he was honest. But just then Mr. Krinken came in with a string of fish, and the careless creature gave me with some other change for a parcel of miserable flounders. That's the way I came here.'

'I'll take good care of you, farthing,' said Carl, as he put it back into the purse, 'and I won't spend you till I want to.'

Secret Sin.

Though no mortal e'er accused you,
Though no witness e'er confused you,
Though the darkness came and fell
Over even deeds of hell;
Though no sign nor any token
Spoke of one commandment broken;
Though the world should praise and bless,
And love add its fond caress—
Still your secret sin would find you;
Pass before your eyes to blind you,
Scar your cheek with guilty flame,
Burn your heart with hidden shame,
Sin was never sinned in vain,
It could always count its slain.
You yourself must witness be
To your own soul's treachery.

—Waif.

Use the Opportunities.

There are people who are missing everything because they do not want to stoop to do what they think is below them. And there are others who are doing great things to-day because they used up all their opportunities yesterday, and a whole flood has broken in on them to-day. That is the way things often go in this life.

Stephen Girard adopted a boy. He educated him and sent him to learn the cooper's trade. When he was though he came back, and reported. Girard, instead of setting him up in business, gave him an order for twenty barrels. Hard luck, the young fellow might have thought, to have to work in this ordinary way, when my father might do so much more. But he made those twenty barrels with a will and made them well; put his best work on them. Girard approved them and told him to send in his bill. The youth did so—$20. Girard wrote out a cheque for $20,000. He said: 'You have your trade; you are not above it; you are a safe man to trust with a good start.' The Lord does not directly record Himself in that way, and yet it is a common thing for Him to do just such things.—Selected.

How Birds Help Us.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tidbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched daily while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle to the elm. For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat, an apple tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the canker worm.—'Farm Journal.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS

Jessie, Our Pet Cow.

You have lately heard stories of the intelligence shown by dogs and horses, and even cats, but I do not remember to have read any similar anecdote of a cow; so perhaps the following little incident may interest your readers.

INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY THIRSTY, JESSIE PUMPS HER OWN WATER.

We have a cow, about ten years old, who has always been very ingenious in opening gates and breaking fences, and one very hot day last summer she turned her cleverness to good account. In the middle of a field adjoining our house there is a trough, which stands under the Abyssinian pump, and ought to be filled every day. The man whose duty it is to fill the trough had not done so on this particular day, and there was no water for the poor cow to drink.

Instead of going away thirsty, however, she set to work to pump for herself. The way in which she managed was to push the handle up with her head, and then pull it down again with her horns. Very little working of the handle will bring the water, and she did this for five minutes at a time, sometimes drinking from the spout, and sometimes from the trough.—O., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Don't Tell!

Little Madge had brought her ball into the drawing-room and had broken a lovely plate, all through not obeying Mamma. There was only Rover in the room, and the small girl put her pretty arms round his big furry neck, saying, 'Don't tell!' But I am sure old Rover knew that it was wrong to hide things from Mamma, and he looked very, very much upset.

'Don't tell!' she said again, but one of the good angels, who are always near little people, said in her ear 'Oh, fie, to ask poor Doggie such a thing!'

Then Madge grew red, and when Rover licked her sweet face, she sobbed, 'Oh, Rover, I'll tell my very own self,' and away she crept to Mamma, while Rover sadly waited. He was so afraid they might whip her with the whip they kept for him, when he did bad things. But soon Madge ran in, and hugging him, said:—

'Oh, I'm so glad I told, for now I'm happy again. Mind you always tell, Rover!'—'Our Little Dots.'

How Peggy Was Rescued.

(Concluded.)

Bruno, patiently standing by the basket, a few yards off, heard his little mistress scream, and saw her disappear. With one bound he reached the riverside, and in a moment had plunged in after her.

As the poor little girl rose to the surface of the water he seized her dress in his teeth, and, swimming to the shore, dragged his unconscious mistress on to the grass.

For a few minutes he stood by her side, alternately barking and licking her face. Then he suddenly bounded away towards the house, and rushed, dripping with water, through the open French window into his master's study.

Mr. Carey, seeing that something unusual had happened, followed the faithful dog to where his little daughter lay. He tenderly lifted her in his arms and, with Bruno by his side, carried her home. Hot blankets and a great deal of rubbing soon restored Peggy to life, and she opened her eyes to meet those of her mother gazing anxiously down at her.

'Oh, mother,' sobbed Peggy, burying her face in the blanket, 'please forgive me for disobeying you. I wanted to pick some flowers, and—and—I quite forgot you told me never to go near the river, and so I fell in.'

'Never mind, dear,' said her mother gently; 'your punishment has already been severe enough. I think my little girl ought to thank her Heavenly Father for

preserving her life, and for giving her such a faithful friend as Bruno.'

It was then decided that Bruno should have a collar with the date and circumstances of Peggy's rescue inscribed on it.

I can assure you that in the whole of Great Britain there was no prouder dog than Bruno on the day his master fastened that collar round his faithful dog's neck.

When the holidays came, and her brothers heard the story of Peggy's rescue, they were very pleased. One day little Johnny pretended to be a photographer, and coaxed the good dog to sit still while he took his portrait.—'Child's Companion.'

An Early Morning Scare.

I have told Rob and Carl a great many stories, but to-day I heard one about themselves—one that they never thought of telling me in return for all I have told them, because they did not know how entertaining it would be.

Rob isn't quite five years old, and Carl is almost three. They go to bed early at night, and they both like to get up very early in the morning.

On summer mornings, when the sun rises very early, it is always nice and bright when they open their eyes, but in the winter mamma always has to light a lamp, just as if it were night instead of the beginning of daytime.

Well, one of the dark mornings last winter mamma, Rob and Carl all got up together. Mamma started the fire in the sitting-room, which was next to the bedroom and where they always dressed. Then she went out to fix the kitchen fire. Now mamma was always very careful about leaving the lamp where the children could reach it, but she was to be gone only a minute, so she thought it would be safe to let it stand on the table in the corner.

She had laid the kindlings, put in the wood and lighted them, when all at once she heard such frightened screams from the sitting-room!

How fast she ran to the door, expecting to see the overturned lamp and everything on fire. But no! There stood the little lamp as quiet as ever, just as she had left it; but Rob was jumping up and down, and crying and screaming in another corner, while Carl was standing in the middle of the floor, as still and white as could be.

What in the world was the matter? Mamma could not see anything to frighten them. She went quickly to Carl—he was the baby—and took him up in her arms. As she did so, something dropped to the floor. Looking down, she saw—now I wonder if I ought to tell you what it was right away, or make you guess? I think I will have to tell you, because I couldn't hear your answers, you see!

Well, it was a new pair of very small overshoes that mamma had brought home from the store the day before!

When Rob saw them quite plainly, he went over to mamma, crying and laughing together, and told her what had happened.

Carl had gone back in the bedroom to get mamma's brush for his curly hair, and when he came out again, something black was following close at his heels. Every time he took a step, it made a little jump after him until he stopped and stood still, too frightened to move, while Rob jumped up and down, screaming with all his might.

The little lamp gave out such a small, soft light that neither of the boys could see the little pink string that was caught on one of Carl's shoe-buttons—the string that always holds your new shoes together, you know. But there it was fastened tight around the button and holding the little black overshoes that jumped up and down at Carl's heels.

'We thought it was a cat,' explained Rob, between his sobs.

Then he began to laugh as hard as he could laugh, and holding his little aching sides with his hands, he said, 'O mamma, it just funnies me all over!'—R. B. C., in 'Youth's Companion.'

An Afternoon's Amusement.

How slowly the hours passed! Only three o'clock, and it seemed days to Harry since morning!

Poor Harry had been sick, and now, although he was much better, he had to lie in bed from morning till night. Mamma had read to him and told him stories, and he had looked at pictures, but now there seemed nothing left to do.

Two big tears slowly found their way out from under the eyelids which were shut tight to keep them back, for Harry was not a very little boy, and would have scorned to cry had he been strong and well.

Now he felt so weak and tired!

Just then mamma came up to the bed, and somehow her bright smile cheered Harry up wonderfully. She had both hands behind her, and Harry wondered what she had for him.

'You can never guess,' said mamma. 'It is round and lighter than air and is a bright red.'

'It is a—no, it can't be—but I can never guess it, I know!' exclaimed Harry.

Just then above mamma's shoulder Harry saw it—a bright red toy balloon. 'Why, what am I to do with it?' he asked.

Mamma held the balloon by a string about a yard long which was fastened to it. 'You hold on to the string,' she told Harry, 'while I get some paper.'

Harry watched her. She tore quite a good-sized piece out of a newspaper, and then she took the balloon and tied the paper to the end of the string and let go. Harry thought of course it would go up to the ceiling; but no, down it came until the paper rested on the floor.

Then mamma tore off some of the paper to make it lighter and let it go again. It was going up this time, surely; no, down it came and again rested on the floor. Some more paper was torn off, and this time it did not go to the floor, but sailed about the room as the little currents of air moved it.

Harry watched it. It hovered over the bed, and then moved away again. It would be so quiet for several minutes, and Harry would wonder if it would again come toward the bed: and soon back it would come.

Before Harry knew it, mamma brought him his supper, and the lights were lit and the long afternoon had passed.

Any little boy or girl can try this and it will help to pass a rainy day; or you can amuse little sister or brother who is sick.—H. B. S., in 'Youth's Companion.'

Correspondence

M., B. R.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I was 12 years old the 10th of Aug. I have two brothers but no sister. I live near Brora Lake; there are good trout in it. My aunt died, and was buried New Year's day. Our school is closed for three months. We had a very good teacher. We all liked her very much, and hope she will come back in the spring. I am going to send you a puzzle. How often does the word Lord occur in the Bible. I think the answer to Ethel Gilroy's second puzzle is growing old.

JESSIE SUTHERLAND.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much, but I like the 'Witness' better. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School. I go to school, and am in the fifth class, having passed the Entrance examination two years ago. I am very fond of reading, and here are some of the books I have read: 'The Elsie Books,' 'Digging for Gold,' Scott's books, 'Gascoyne,' 'In the Swing of the Sea,' 'Child's History of England,' three 'Pansies' books, two of Emma Leslie's, and 'The gun-maker of Moscow.' If I were to tell you all I have read I would fill a book myself. We had a Christmas Tree this year at our church.

The answers to Ethel Gilroy's two riddles are: 1. A pig pen. 2. Growing. I think I will send a few also.

1. When does water resembles a gymnast? 2. When does it resemble a horse? 3. When is it royal? 4. What word, if one letter is deducted from it will make you sick?

CHARLES McARTHUR.

O., KANS., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for six weeks. I like it very much. I am eight years old. Our school commenced the 16th of October. I am in the third reader. We had a box supper at our school-house the Tuesday night before Thanksgiving, and we made eighteen dollars and eighty cents. We are going to get an organ for our school-house.

PEARL WHITE.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandma lives with us, and she gets the 'Messenger.' I like to read it. I think you are a pretty nice man for printing the little folks' letters. I guess you remember you were little once yourself. Our town is one of the prettiest towns in Ontario. We have a beautiful school, with nine teachers in it. Three of them are High School teachers. I am in the second book, and I am seven years old. My sister teaches one of the rooms. I have five sisters and three brothers, and I am the youngest. My oldest brother lives in Buffalo, and my oldest sister in Toronto. The first time I was away from home was last summer, and went with my mother and my grandmother to Brantford and Paris. It was the old boys' re-union. I saw two aunties and two uncles that I never saw before, and they were all so kind to me. We have nice sleighing just now.

ANNA HALLIDAY.

P. E., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' We have a little colt, and its name is Prince. We have got a lovely new school-house to begin with. We had to postpone school for the new one. When is grain like children? I have read a number of books, some of them being: 'Black Beauty,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Water Babies,' Anderson's 'Fairy Tales,' 'Wide, Wide World,' and 'The Awakening of the Duchess,' and a great many more. I think the answer to Ethel Gilroy's conundrums are: 1. A pigpen. 2. Breathing. The skating is lovely this winter. I like skating very much.

Yours Truly,
CHRISTENE McLEOD.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. My birthday is on June 1. I go to F. day school and Sunday school. At day school I am in the second book. My cousin teaches our Sunday school, and I like her very much. Our class learnt Scripture verses. We are all getting certificates for what we have learned. I am learning more, and when I know and say them I will get a diploma.

I live on a farm, and we have a lot of cattle and horses. We have sheep also. We had a Christmas Tree at our church. I recited 'Keeping Store.' I was in a dialogue, and two cantata's. One of the cantata's was, 'Searching for the King.' There were Wise Men and angels in it. It was very pretty. I got a trumpet, a book, an air-ship, and some cards at Christmas. My brother got a large, white horse. We call it Charmer.

We live three miles from the village of B., and are not very far from the Little Saskatchewan River. I was across it last summer. The hills were very pretty when green. We climbed one of them. It was hard work. We had a very pleasant ride.

J. A. P.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Battleship.' Charles McArthur, E., Ont.
2. 'Swan.' M. McG (14), S., Alta.
3. 'Dick and Nell.' William M. Smith, O. S., Ont.
4. 'The Swan' (boat.) Franklin I. Dresser (10). Address not sent.

F. R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have written once to the 'Messenger,' and thought I would write again. I have been away almost all summer, and have had a fine time.

First we went to Kamloops, B.C., and visited my uncle for six weeks. Kamloops is built in a valley, with mountains on every side of it. My uncle is keeper in the jail, and I used to go out with him on the hills when he took the prisoners out to work. There were about sixty prisoners in the jail when we were there. We liked the place very much, but not as well as N.D. Then we went on to Seattle, and from there to Belerue, and visited there for two weeks. Grandma and my sister and I stayed there until mamma and papa went to Portland Fair. We had a fine time in Washington. I never saw so much fruit grow before. Then we came home by way of N.P. The scenery is not near so nice as on the C.P.R. We were very tired when we got home, as we left Seattle Tuesday, and did not get home till Saturday. After we came home papa bought me a Shetland pony and cart. The pony is very quiet, and can go thirty miles a day. This winter I got a toboggan as there is good sleighing.

We got a piano this winter, and I take music lessons. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth grade. We have a new railroad since I wrote you before, and it makes quite a lot more stir. We have taken the 'Messenger' a long time, and would not like to be without it. We like the letters and stories very much. There was a riddle in the last 'Messenger.'

If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much would I get for a cent and a quarter. The answer is one pound.

I have just one sister. She is five, and her name is Florrie Muriel. She is a fine singer and speaker.

HAROLD WOODS.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have written once or twice before, and sent a drawing not long ago, and have been pleased to see them all in print, and my drawing in the last paper. I have one brother and three sisters. My brother is studying medicine in the Western College, London, and one of my sisters is studying music in the Conservatory in London. My other two sisters are married. Maggie, who is married to a professor, is living in Paris, France, now, with her husband and little girl. Her husband is writing a history for the University. I go to the Petrolea High School, and am in the first form I must own that it is due to pure laziness that I am not in Form 2, for I spent a year in Public school after I passed the Entrance examination, and intended to go into the second Form, but when I thought how much easier it would be to stay in the First, I changed my mind. We have four teachers.

There is always a jolly time going to and coming from school, for we have about six miles to go, and about eleven of us go out every day, and some board in town through the week. We have very good accommodations on the train, as it leaves W. at 8.20 a.m. and leaves P. at 4.40 p.m.

We have had very little cold weather yet, but it has been kind enough to keep the ice frozen, until to-day, when it rained all day, although I am in hopes it will freeze again and we will still have good skating.

We have been given the 'Messenger' at Sunday school as long as I can remember. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on the 9th of September. I should like to know if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day. I have one pet, a beagle hound, which I call Togo.

JEAN H.

K. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—About two weeks ago I was at the opening of a fine new church in Huntingdon. There was a service held in the morning, and Children's service in the afternoon, and in the evening they had a fine concert. I go to school every day, and like my teacher very much. There are over thirty scholars attending at present. During the last few years a great improvement has been made around here, the telephone has been put in along this road, and into a few of the farm houses. We have had our new post office here for over a year.

CORA E. MACFARLANE (aged 15).

K. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have lots of fun sleighing down hill, but I do not always slide down, for simetimes I fall off the sled, and tumble right down, but that only adds to the fun.

T. GORDON MACFARLANE. (9).

A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him this parting injunction: 'My son, remember that, though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man.'

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 18, 1906.

A Day of Miracles in Capernaum.

Mark i., 21-34.

Golden Text.

He healed many that were sick.—Mark i., 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 12.—Mark i., 21-34.
Tuesday, February 13.—Mark i., 35-45.
Wednesday, February 14.—James ii., 12-26.
Thursday, February 15.—Acts xvi., 14-24.
Friday, February 16.—Matt. xii., 22-50.
Saturday, February 17.—Matt. xii., 31-45.
Sunday, February 18.—Luke iv., 31-44.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Mark's spirited narrative describes Jesus as going to the synagogue as soon as the doors were open. By common consent, He takes the speaker's stand, and utters words that have a principle of life in them. The most eminent scribe that ever occupied that desk never approximated to the self-assertiveness of the present speaker. Hear His 'I say unto!' 'I am the way, the door, the vine, the shepherd, truth, life, resurrection!' 'Before Abraham was, I am!' No wonder the audience was dumbfounded. Moses and the prophets were not authorities to be appealed to, but servants to deck the speaker's brow with aureola of divinity. In the very midst of that fervid sermon, the breathless stillness of the audience is broken by the piercing cry of terror and astonishment with which the underworld recognizes its Sovereign Master: 'Ah!' 'Woe is me!' 'Mine hour of doom is come.' It was just such a cry as the condemned felon might raise at the sudden, expected appearance of his executioner. The seed of the serpent recognizes the seed of the woman. But even in its terror the unclean spirit sees an opportunity to damage his mighty opponent. He fails not to avail himself of it. He will patronizingly acknowledge the new Rabbi's exalted claims, so that there shall be the appearance of collusion. The venomous Jews shall be furnished with some color for the damaging accusation that Jesus is himself possessed, and by that means exercises His authority over demons. The Master checkmates that devil in a single move. He silences him and expels him. The demon gives an example of his malevolent ferocity by giving his uphappy victim 'a last fling' before he leaves him. In that synagogue by the sea is witnessed a sharp encounter between the powers of light and darkness, and heaven's final triumph is there adumbrated. No wonder that the fame of it flew with winged feet. The scene of Jesus' tireless activity is at once transferred from the publicity of the synagogue to the sweet privacy of the home of the chiefest of His Apostles. What Peter has just seen of the Master's power emboldens him to call His attention to an instance of sickness in his own house—a low, consuming fever. The domestic miracle will produce no such sensation as that wrought in the synagogue; but love for His disciple, and a desire to confirm this somewhat unstable character, as well as sympathy for the sufferer, leads Jesus to give the touch and word of power. 'What God does is well done.' No tedious convalescence succeeds the breaking of the fever. As a token of gratitude the sick woman instantly rises from her couch and prepares a savory meal. All unconsciously she gives a convincing evidence of the perfection of her cure; at the same time she refreshes the Master after the toils of the day, and fortifies Him for the overwhelming exactions of the early evening. For scarcely was the meal finished before the street in front of Peter's house was converted into a hospital. That miracle in the synagogue had been a silver bell whose notes of hope had sounded in every shadowed home. In obedience to its encouraging call, when the setting sun had absolved the people from their overstrained notions of Sabbath observance, they came with confidence to Him whose sovereign power had had such a conspicuous exemplification. From one sufferer's mat to another Jesus walked in that hastily-extemporized lazar-house under the stars. Nor did He desist as long as there was a tiny sufferer left upon any mother's gentle bosom. Now we know how Capernaum was lifted to heaven in point of privilege. No other city had such a perfect exhibition of Jesus' power. In a single night, every malevolent demon was expelled, every diseased person was made every whit whole. The sun that went down upon a sick and suffering city rose upon one healed and happy.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Demoniac possession is confessedly a difficult problem. We do not undertake a solution. Here are some hints only. That it was merely a symbolical way of talking about the dominance of evil (Strauss), or that it was an accommodation on the part of Jesus to ideas then prevalent. Trench affirms that demoniacal possession was coincident only with Jesus' public ministry, a sort of dark background on which His power might be displayed to greatest advantage. Of this we can only say: 'Not proven.' The first Hebrew king seems to have been 'possessed,' and modern instances seem not to be altogether wanting. . . . Once more we have 'a devil with a Bible under his arm and quoting texts.' The exalted title, 'Holy One of God,' is taken from the Messianic Psalm. (Psa. xvi., 10). . . . In the language of the New Testament there is a great gulf fixed between the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness. The former can accept or borrow nothing from the latter, not even words of commendation that will be of advantage.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 18.—Topic—Christ's life. II. His life-work, and what we may learn about our own work. John xiv., 8-14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A TRUSTING PRINCE.

Monday, February 12.—Philistines and Israelites. I. Sam. xiii., 15-23.

Tuesday, February 13.—Jonathan's plan. I. Sam. xiv., 1-3.

Wednesday, February 14.—Jonathan's bravery. I. Sam. xiv., 13-16.

Thursday, February 15.—The victory. I. Sam. xiv., 17-23.

Friday, February 16.—A king who trusted. II. Chron. xiv., 11.

Saturday, Feb. 17.—Soldiers who trusted. I. Chron. v., 18-20.

Sunday, February 18.—Topic—A prince who trusted God. I. Sam. xiv., 6-12.

Reformation Principles For Children.

I would direct the attention of Sunday school workers to the Protestant tales of the late Miss Emily S. Holt as suitable for a Sunday school library. There are forty volumes in the set, but can be had separately. The 'English Churchman' says: 'The wide circulation of these historic tales of the Reformation—tales based on an accurate and scholarly acquaintance with the literature of those stirring times, related with graphic powers of the highest order, and a spirit of ardent devotion to the principles of Bible Protestantism—deserves the cordial co-operation of all who would conserve our national freedom and liberties. Public and parish libraries, and reading-rooms throughout the land should possess these valuable and remarkably cheap books.'—James B. Ryan.

The Sabbath School Teacher.

Some have taken a class in the Sabbath school because they love to teach, and rejoice in the opportunity to tell the children the story of Jesus. In almost every school there will be one such teacher, and that class is always full. For one of that type, there are two who have taken a class from a sense of duty, and who carry it on from no higher motive. There is no sympathetic bond between teacher and taught during the progress of the lesson, however strong may be the liking of one for the other apart from that half-hour of greater or less discomfort. There are still others who have agreed to take up this work because the minister or superintendent has asked them to do so and they really have no valid excuse ready.

One would like to weed out all but the first class. There would be better work done in our Sabbath schools if only those whose heart was in the work were permitted to enrol themselves as teachers. Can it not be done? Is it an absolute necessity that a class shall not number more than six or at most ten? The trained teacher in the public school will manage forty or more, and in the country school will keep four or even five classes going for an hour and a half without intermission. Why should we not give our teacher in the Sabbath school charge of twenty or thirty boys and girls for the half-hour of Bible study? We should then hear no more of that interminable debate that furnishes the staple of the debates on the Sabbath school work. 'The better training in our Sabbath School teachers,' so much needed, so apparently hopeless of accomplishment!

The best-conducted Sabbath school class we ever saw was one of about two thousand waifs gathered in from the streets of Glasgow. Poor strays of humanity, some of them were so weak from hunger and illness that they could not sit up straight from the bench. Of home they did not know the meaning, of home restraint they had absolutely no knowledge. A more difficult class to handle could not be found. Yet for this class there was but one teacher, and he held the attention of all. At the end of each seat of six or eight sat a 'monitor,' but the position seemed a sinecure. Many of our Sabbath schools that are now equipped with sufficient teachers to give one to every six children in attendance would do better work if there were but one or two teachers to take entire charge.

No one should undertake the teaching of a Sabbath School unless the heart prompts him to take up this work. We have accepted too long the dictum that anyone can teach the Bible. It used to be said that anyone can teach the little children in the public schools. We have far outgrown that idea, and place the very best teachers in charge of the smaller children. We recognize the fact that in these first years a bent is given to the opening minds that no future training can entirely remove. Much more is this true with respect to spiritual truth. We carry to our graves some of the religious ideas first imparted to us. It is of the utmost importance that only those who know whereof they speak shall be entrusted with the training of the children in religious truth. Only those whose own hearts are warm with the glow of the truth to be imparted, and who cannot restrain the desire to make that truth known, should attempt to teach in our Sabbath schools. That would make havoc among our Sabbath school teachers! Perhaps it would, but we would not recede from our position.—Selected.

You can furnish one Christian life. You can furnish a life so faithful to every duty, so ready for every service, so determined not to commit every sin, that the great Christian church shall be the stronger for your living in it, and the problem of the world be answered and a certain great peace come into this poor, perplexed phase of our humanity as it sees that new revelation of what Christianity is.—Phillips Brooks.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Drunkard and His Bottle

Hoot! daur ye show yer face again,
  Ye auld black thief o' purse an' brain!
For foul disgrace, for doul an' pain,
  An' shame I ban ye;
Wae's me, that e'er my lips have ta'en
  Yer kiss uncanny.

Nae mair, auld knave, wi'hout a shillin'
To keep a starvin' wight frae steal.n'
Ye'll send me hameward blin' an' reelin'
  Frae nightly swagger,
By wall, an' post my pathway feelin'
  Wi' mony a stagger.

Nae mair o' fights that bruise an' mangle,
Nae mair o' nets my feet to tangle,
Nae mair o' senseless brawl an' wrangle
  Wi' fren' an' wife too;
Nae mair o' deavin' din an' jangle
  My freckless life through.

Ye thievin', cheating', auld Cheap Jack,
Peddlin' yer poison broke, I crack
Yer banes against my ingle back
  Wi' meikle pleasure.
De'il mend ye i' his workshop black,
  Een at his leisure!

I'll brak yer neck, ye foul auld sinner,
I'll spill yer bluid, ye vile beginner
O' a' the ills an' aches that winna
  Quat soul an' body!
Gie me hale breeks an' well-spread dinner—
  De'il tak' yer toddy.

Nae main wi' witches broo' gane gyte,
Gie me ance mair the auld delight
O' sittin' wi' my bairns i' sight,
  The guidwife near,
The weel-spent day, the peaceful night,
  The mornin' cheer.

Cock a' yer heids, my bairns, fu' gleg,
My winsome Robin, Jean, an' Meg,
For food an' claes ye shall na beg
  A doited daddie.
Dance, auld wife, o' yer girl-day leg,
  Ye've foun' yer laddie.

—J. G. Whittier.

Deceived by Her Feelings.

('Temperance Record.')

Many years ago, when I first entered upon public temperance work, I received a visit from one of my early Sunday school friends. She was a dear little lady, and when I first knew her she was the wife of our Sunday school superintendent, in a large city church. Her husband had been dead some time, and she was now living with her eldest son, George. It was about this son that she came to see me.

How well I remembered him in the Sunday school! A bright blue-eyed, sunny-haired lad of a dozen years, and a great favorite with us all. He was married now, and he had a darling daughter of his own. He had a good business, too, but alas! he was neglecting it, for the drink was making a wreck of him.

'Oh!' she said, so sadly, 'it would break your heart to see how his noble qualities of mind and his fine looks are just dying out of him before our eyes; and all his gentle, manly ways are turning coarse and unkind. We sit up and wait for him, his wife and I, till all hours of the night, and after the greatest difficulty in getting him upstairs, he throws himself, boots and all, across the bed and snores in his drunken slumber, while we watch and weep and pray, for we cannot sleep with all that ruin before us, and our fears for the future looming up darkly. When I heard that you had gone into the temperance work, I decided to come at once and see if you could not tell us what to do for him.'

My heart sank, for as I looked back at those early Sunday school days I could not recall a word of warning or instruction given the children against the drink. We had no Band of Hope; and though we did have songs and concerts and pleasant children's exercises, there was nothing about the beauties of temperance, nothing to show how much brighter and happier every life would be without the drink. It did not seem to enter the thoughts of these really Christian officers and teachers that these hundreds of children were in any danger from this cause, and yet several did go down under its temptations. I could think of nothing better than to try to find out what had been the mother's influence in the home, and so I said I supposed she was careful not to have anything of the sort to tempt him there.

I saw she hesitated in her reply, and finally she said, 'I am obliged to take a little ale with my breakfast on account of my health.'

There it was! The old idea that there was something good in the ale, after all the nutrition had been washed out or rotted out, and the starch had been turned into sugar and changed into poison, so that it could do her no good. I began to talk to her in that line, thinking she would be willing to practice almost any self-denial to save her son. But her confident reply was, 'Oh, I know it does me good! I can tell by my feelings.'

Poor woman! She, too, was under the spell of the destroyer, though she did not know it. How could she 'tell by her feelings' when the very poison she taken had paralyzed the nerves given her to feel with? No one can truly tell by his feelings what alcohol does to him after he has taken it, because it affects the nerves at once and destroys the power to feel correctly.

It is little wonder we do not readily understand this, because we are in the habit of thinking that we can judge of most things by our feelings. That is the last appeal. We do not know, or we do not think, that alcohol is a nerve poison, and that in all sorts of alcoholic drinks it plays the most fantastic tricks with the nerves, and they lie to the drinker, and he has at first no way of finding it out. He can see how other people go on drinking when they have already had 'too much,' as he calls it, and he thinks he can tell when he has had 'just enough,' and then he will stop. Perhaps his first rude awakening occurs when his pet comes in crying because of being called a drunkard's child. Even the school children find it out when he does not suspect it.

But now you are waiting to know what became of my friend's drunken son. I am glad to tell you that he reformed, but no reformation can destroy the memory of those sorrows he caused his wife and mother, nor will it take away the injury done to his own brain and nerves by the poison alcohol. So you and I will take to heart the lesson that we can never trust our feelings about what the drink does to us after we have swallowed it. More than that, in order never to give it a chance to hurt or deceive us, we will never take the first glass.

Boys, Help Yourselves.

The following is taken from the 'Christian Observer': I once saw an auction sign and (being a woman) crossed the street to investigate what manner of bargains were there to be obtained. I was not tempted to go in, for it proved to be a fire sale of cigars and tobacco. But I did stand for many minutes looking through the big plate glass window at a large drygoods box in the centre of the room, into which had been thrown promiscuously all broken packages of tobacco and cigars. Above the box was a card which bore the following inscription: 'Boys under fourteen, help yourselfes.' And the proprietor was walking back and forth, smiling and rubbing his hands and saying: 'Help yourselves, boys; help yourselves; put some in your pockets,' and fifteen and twenty boys, all well dressed and just out of a neighboring school were following his suggestions. Some were trying to smoke, some only trying to fill their pockets, all in a shame-faced way that showed them to be new at the business. And the dealer was well satisfied. He knew that he was planting good seed, and he knew that his harvest was sure.

From Japan.

(The 'Union Signal.')

In a Christian kindergarten was a delicate little boy, who had been taught to smoke, because his life was so dull, and this would amuse him. At school he learned of the evils of tobacco and went home and told his parents he would smoke no more. When he saw that they still continued to smoke he hid their pipes and tobacco, and by this means led them to give it up. The same child refused to drink sake, the native wine, because it contained alcohol.

A young girl in a school at Kobe had received the usual new dress to be worn at the New Year, but wrote home, saying: 'If father will not give up his wine, I will not wear my new dress,' really meaning she would not celebrate the New Year. The father, struck by the evident earnestness of his child, for her sake laid aside his wine bottle and cup.

A teacher of sewing in the same school had been a Christian for two years, when her father opened a tobacco business. Hearing of this the daughter knelt in prayer, then wrote a letter strongly opposing his new venture, and was the means of leading him to give up the tobacco business. Through her teaching, this father became convinced of the evils of intoxicants and gathering together the chief men of the village induced them to sign the pledge themselves not to use, or give to others, alcoholic drinks of any kind. The whole village has become pledged to total abstinence.

The tobacco bill is really in force and is bringing in good fruit already, as the following clippings from the vernacular papers will show: 'We learn that a local ordinance has been issued at Takamatsu prohibiting all the school boys and teachers of the normal, middle and elementary schools from smoking.' 'In view of the smoking prohibition law in Japan, the governor of Aomori has issued an order prohibiting all the teachers of the elementary schools in the prefecture from smoking.'

A delegate to the W. C. T. U. was invited to address a school for young children, and spoke of the evils of tobacco. After she concluded the principal said: 'Yesterday I was requested by the educational department to see that the tobacco law was obeyed by the pupils of this school, but I did not see how I could do so, so long as I used a pipe myself. Now what has been said this morning has given me the opportunity I want. I shall never use a pipe again. Do you not think it would be nice to give my pipe to this woman who has spoken so kindly to us this morning?' And with that he handed it to Miss —— as a memento of his visit.

The W. C. T. U. women of Hakodate last autumn procured some fifty copies of 'The Houses We Live In,' which was translated some years ago into Japanese, and calling on all the leading educators of their city, presented each with a copy and asked them to use them in their schools. While the teachers had no power to make such teaching a part of the school curriculum, they, with very few exceptions, consented to use the book as opportunity afforded.

The Hon. Taro Ando has for months past brought out in the 'Light of Our Land' chapters from the Temperance Physiologies. A leading Buddhist magazine with a very large circulation asked some time ago for permission to reproduce in its pages these articles.

Prohibition will never be obtained until Temperance workers ask for it, fight for it, vote for it, and insist upon getting it.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists. J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

HOUSEHOLD.

Physical Sins.

Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that in the case of drunkenness the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognized; but none appear to infer that if this bodily transgression is vicious, so too, is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves.—Herbert Spencer.

The Care of Fern Balls.

Many women appear to have some doubts about the ease of caring for the pretty little Japanese fern balls so popular within the last few years. There is nothing which will give better returns for less care and money. The average price of the fern ball now is 50 cents dry and 75 cents started; they can be found for less. To start them they should be put into a big dish or tub in which they can be entirely covered with water and left for several hours, or possibly over night. After this they must be hung over something for a time, as they will drip a little, but they must never afterward be soaked so thoroughly. A woman who has had one of these balls for the past three years made the mistake the first year of putting her ball to soak in a set bowl full of water two or three times a week. As a result the ball did not make the best growth, and many of the outer roots rotted and dropped off. This will happen more or less every year with the best of care, but the loss is slight. The second year the fern ball was a great success. It was sprinkled only when it seemed to need it, once in a day or two, or more often in warm, dry weather. A ball may need two sprinklings twice a day if it is hanging outdoors where the hot winds will dry it. A fine rubber plant sprinkler is good, as this moistens the leaves without making the ball soggy with water. A little shake after sprinkling will dispose of all the superfluous water, and the ball can be hung in place. The place of this particular one is in a big north window, where it is hung from the top by a brass wire which has a bent wire hook at the end, and the ball can be easily moved for sprinkling. There are various forms in which these fern roots are to be found, all more expensive than the ball, which is, take it altogether, quite as satisfactory as any of them. One attractive shape in which the fern roots are to be found is that of a little square peaked-roof house, the roof and floor joined by four root posts at the corners. The fern ball already mentioned is started every spring, and late in the fall is allowed to dry up, and then, a dry package of roots not weighing a pound, it is put into a paper bag and tucked away in a drawer to be ready for another year. The window before which it is hung is closed much of the time in the summer, and it thrives possibly the better for this, as the room is cooler and less dry.

Health Hints.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, quickly wrung out and applied quickly over the seat of pain will in most cases promptly relieve toothache and neuralgia.

The mere fact of living in a close atmosphere begets a shivery, susceptible condition of the body, which is intolerant of the slightest sensation of chill. If you accustom yourself and children to fresh air, you become ro-

What Other Papers Think.

The Witness has ever been a leader among the leaders. Fredericton Gleaner.

The Witness deserves the good words that have been said of it. Christian Guardian

The Witness news columns set all things fairly before its readers. Ottawa Journal.

The Witness is above illegitimate interference. Hon. J. Israel Tarte, in La Patrie.

The Witness stands four-square on moral issues. Kingston Whig

The Witness editorials are notable for their fairness and calmness of reasoning. Ottawa Journal.

The Witness adheres steadfastly to its ideals of cleanliness and fair play. Ottawa Journal

The Witness is a clean, healthy, high-principled paper. Hamilton Times.

The Witness stands in the front rank of Canadian newspapers. Toronto News.

The Witness is a high-toned independent paper. Toronto Globe.

The Witness has sacrificed thousands of dollars for what it believed to be right. Stratford Beacon.

What Do You Think Of It?

What avails such opinion unless you also have become a subscriber? The following coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions during February.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only **50** cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the **'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD'** to January 1st, 1907, by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs—As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness' before, nor have I with others who did take it during the last two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

bust, your lungs play freely, the vital heat is sustained, and even a draught becomes exhilarating. All through the day remember to have a small chink open at the tops of your windows; or, better still, raise the lower sash, close the opening beneath with a piece of wood fitting closely, and so the air will enter at the junction of the sashes and pass upward without draught.

All food experts agree that carrots are a valuable food, and are seen too seldom on the average table. If the family refuse stewed carrots try carrot croquettes, after a New York cooking school receipt. A dozen small croquettes can be made from four large carrots. Boil them till tender, drain, and rub through a sieve. Add one cupful of thick white sauce (using for it two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour), mix, season highly, and when cold and firm, shape and finish as for other croquettes.

Selected Recipes.

HASHED POTATOES.—Pare 3 large potatoes and cut into dice. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a fryingpan, let melt, add a tablespoonful of flour. Mix until smooth. Pour in half a pint of milk, stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper. But a layer of this sauce in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of potatoes; sprinkle with chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a little minced onion, with another layer of sauce. Sprinkle the top with grated bread crumbs and set in the oven to bake half an hour. Serve hot.

CUSTARD SOUFFLE PUDDING.— Two scant tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 cup milk, 5 eggs. Let the milk boil. Stir together the flour and butter and add gradually to the boiling milk. Cook 8 minutes, stirring often. Beat sugar and yolks of eggs together, add to the cooked mixture and set away to cool. Just before you bake, add whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir through lightly. Bake in a buttered dish 20 minutes in moderate oven. Use with vanilla clear sauce, made as follows. One-half pint water, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, half cup sugar. Cream butter and flour and stir into water; boil; add vinegar, teaspoon vanilla and sugar.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 18.

Dear Sirs,—I often receive much strength and encouragement through the reading of your department in the 'Witness.' The paper is on file in the Carnegie Public Library here. Yours respectfully,

A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

Lawrencetown, N. S., Jan. 16.

Gentlemen,—I congratulate you on the success of your paper. I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for a number of years, and have always admired its courageous and conscientious stand in regard to moral, religious and political questions of the day. I have always found its news clean and well selected. Yours truly,

GEORGE G. HAWKINS.

St. Martin's, N.B., Jan. 23.

Dear Sirs,—You will find inclosed renewal for self and some neighbors. I would also like to add my humble word to the many congratulatory messages you are receiving on the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee. I may say the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Messenger' are among my earliest reading, and since our marriage, seventeen years ago, we have considered them among the indispensables at our own fireside. I may also say that I believe the fact that I have always been a total abstainer is largely due to the grounding in temperance principles which was gained from the reading of your papers in my early days. Wishing you long success, and that wider circulation which our country needs, and your papers deserve. I remain, yours most cordially,

FRANK FULMER.

The Manse, Summerside, P. E. I.

Dear Sirs,—Very gladly indeed do I join the great host who at this season are sending you their congratulations. It is always with pleasure that I turn to the 'Witness,' and the high standard of journalism which has been maintained has won my warmest admiration. So many papers cater to what people want, and to be sure of their ground even go so far as to take a sort of plebiscite as to their readers' preferences, that it is refreshing to know that there is one paper at least conducted with high ideals, endeavoring to mould public opinion rather than to follow it. My best wishes go with you into the future years.

Yours very sincerely,

RALPH. G. STRATHIE.

Grenville, Que., Jan. 16.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed my renewal of subscriptions for 'World Wide' during the ensuing year. 'World Wide' is making itself a necessity in our home. I certainly prize it very much. Yours sincerely.

J. McADIE.

Alberni, B.C.

Gentlemen,—With hearty pleasure I join your host of friends and admirers in extending congratulations to the 'Witness,' a Christian newspaper, on having attained its Diamond Jubilee. The 'Witness' is a most welcome visitor to this Indian Mission School on the west coast of Vancouver Island. I enjoy its editorials on subjects I am interested in, for they contain so much valuable information, well and clearly expressed, and always uphold the cause of righteousness, temperance and purity. The world's welfare, home department, children's corner, and boys' page overflow with good and helpful things. I would like to see the 'Witness' in every home, especially where children are growing up. With best wishes for the continued success of a paper which cannot but be a power for good wherever it is read, I remain, yours sincerely,

K. CAMERON,

Missionary teacher to Indians.

Kingston, Ont., Jan. 19.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to join the army of those who are sending congratulations to the 'Witness' upon reaching its Diamond Jubilee. For many years I have been a subscriber and reader of the 'Witness.' I have always admired its Christian principles and its unwavering temperance sentiment. It has shown itself fearless and independent. It has excluded advertisements of things that are evil in their proclivity, while its editorials have been characterized by more than ordinary ability. For a good family paper, of highest moral tone, commend me to the 'Witness.' Your recent venture of 'World Wide' is also admirable, giving such an excellent selection of articles at such a cheap rate. May the 'Witness' long continue in its powerful advocacy of the right.

THE REV. W. K. SHORTT, M.A.

Methodist Minister.

Kemptville, N.S., Jan. 18.

Dear Sirs,—Our son, Forrester, died last April trusting in Jesus. How far your 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' helped him to live the true and noble life he lived we know not, but they came to our home nearly his whole life and we now transfer his subscription to our youngest son Emory. May God bless you and help you to uphold the right. Believe me, very truly yours,

ENOS HATFIELD.

Hamilton, Ont., Jan. 23.

Dear Sirs,—It gives me much pleasure in recommending the 'Northern Messenger' to any new subscribers. It is a paper that has been used in our school for a number of years, and we feel we could not do without it. The scholars, both young and old, look forward with great interest for it from Sunday to Sunday,

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(ATwelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy 40c
Three copies to separate addresses $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses.. .. .. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.

Five months' trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, also to the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands, and Philippine Islands.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Publishers, Montreal.

SHOW THIS COPY TO YOUR FRIENDS.

The 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,'

Only $1.20 a Year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday-school may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' in addition by sending us eighty cents with the coupon on another page.

$12 WOMEN'S WINTER SUITS $4.50

MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers' prices.
Send for Samples. Cloths and Fashions to No. 1.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

THE BABY'S OWN

LADIES' Fancy Mercerised Girdle and our Catalogue of Bargains sent *free* for five 2c stamps. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., Dept. I, London, Ont.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' ..... worth $3.40, for only **$3.10**

" " " " " " " 'Weekly " ..... " $1.40 " **$1.20**

" " " " " " " 'World Wide,' ..... " $1.90 " **$1.75**

" " " " 'World Wide,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger,' " $2.90 " **$2.20**

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50c extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Note—Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

as it contains many interesting and helpful stories for both boys and girls, young and old.

As a Canadian paper it is worth more to us than any American publication, fr as a rule Canadians like to read and have Canadian experience, and to my knowledge there is no American paper published that is devoted entirely to Sunday reading that can touch the 'Messenger,' either in price or from a literary standpoint. Yours very truly,

MURRAY F. SPENCER.

On behalf of Herkimer Baptist Sunday-school.

The Parsonage, Lachute, Que., Jan. 24.

Gentlemen,—The 'Witness' stands for sifted and tested news, interpreted from a view point of broad spiritual interest and Canadian national spirit. May it long continue. No one paper perhaps could less be spared. Its editorials on European and British and foreign affairs are ever timely and accurate in statement, evincing well informed and sagacious judgment.

The 'World Wide' is the best of our journalistic experiments in pot purri—it is well cooked and well served. Yours sincerely. ERNEST THOMAS.

Liverpool, England, Jan. 15.

Dear Sirs,—May I, as an English reader of the 'Witness,' add a word of appreciation to the many that have appeared in your columns already. Through the kindness of a friend I receive it weekly and find it one of the most interesting, instructive and impartial that come to hand. Unlike the great majority of our English papers and periodicals, it is free from anything that would offend the most sensitive, or be detrimental to the moral and spiritual well being of any reader. I regard it as an ideal newspaper, worthy of a place in every home, and wish it every success. Yours very truly, JOHN A. ASHTON.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 15.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find postal money order for the renewal of the 'Weekly Witness.' I very heartily add my congratulations to the many that have been tendered to you on this jubilee occasion. The 'Witness' has been in our family since the first issue, my father and grandfather having been subscribers, and I have taken it for about twenty-five years or more. My father was a subscriber to the 'Temperance Advocate' and was one of the first temperance men in the township of Lancaster, Ont., in which township I was born, sixty-six years ago. I may say that my father and grandfather had the pleasure of the acquaintance of the senior Mr. Dougall. Yours truly. A. P. WOOD.

Hawkesbury, Ont., Jan. 20.

Dears Sirs,—Please accept my warmest congratulations on this the jubilee year of the 'Witness.' Montreal may well be proud of a paper like the 'Witness,' when she takes into consideration the sensational material which the press gives to the world to-day. Yours very cordially, MISS M. E. McNIE.

ONE-SYLLABLE SERIES

For Young Readers.

Embracing popular works arranged for the young folks in words of one syllable. Printed from extra large, clear type, on fine paper, and fully illustrated by the best artists. The handsomest line of books for young children before the public.

Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, illuminated sides.

1. Aesop's Fables, 62 illustrations. 2. A Child's Life of Christ, 49 illustrations. 4. The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 70 illustrations. 5. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 46 illustrations. 6. Swiss Family Robinson. 50 illustrations. 7. Gulliver's Travels, 50 illustrations. 9. A Child's Story of the Old Testament, 33 illustrations. 10. A Child's Story of the New Testament, 40 illustion. 11. Bible Stories for Little Children, 41 illustrations. 12. The Story of Jesus, 40 illustrations.

Every subscriber sending his own subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' with two new subscriptions at 40 cents each, or $1.20 in all, will entitle the sender to a choice of one of these most interesting books.

OUR BEST CLUB.

'Northern Messenger' and
The 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead.

The above papers are sent to one address every week for only $1.20. Try them for a year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday School may have the benefit of this reduced rate by remitting eighty cents and the forty cent coupon herewith making $1.20 in all for the above papers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH FORTY CENTS

As I get the 'Northern Messenger' through our Sunday school I am entitled to enjoy the benefit of the attached club at $1.20. I, therefore, enclose this coupon and eighty cents to secure the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for one year and so complete my club.

NAME .. .. ..

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King' — The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c cash. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 24 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40c each.